

To wish him wrastle with affection,
And neuer to let Beatrice know of it.

Ursula. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deserue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer Beatrice shall couch vpon?

Hero. O God of loue! I know he doth deserue,
As much as may be yeilded to a man:
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
Of powder stufte then that of Beatrice:
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter else seemes weak: she cannot loue,
Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,
Shee is so selfe indeared.

Ursula. Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildhe cut:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.
So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Verue, that
Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.

Ursula. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,
Therefore let Benedicke like couered fire,
Consume away in fighes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Ursula. Yet tell her of it, heare what shee will say.

Hero. No, rather I will goe to Benedicke,
And counsaile him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile deuise some honest flanders,
To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoison liking.

Ursula. O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true iudgement,
Hauing so swift and excellent a wit
As she is proude to haue, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signior Benedicke.

Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare Claudio.

Ursula. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedicke,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Ursula. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Hero. Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Ursula. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We haue caught her Madame?

Hero. If it proue so, then louing goes by haps,

Some Cupid kills with arrowes, some with traps. *Exit.*

Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory liues behind the backe of such.
And Benedicke, loue on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:
If thou dost loue, my kindenesse shall incite thee
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserue, and I
Beleeue it better then reportingly. *Exit.*

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.
Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consum-
mate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claudio. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l touch
safe me.

Prince. Nay, that would be as great a foyle in the new
glosse of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat
and forbid him to weare it. I will onely bee bold with
Benedicke for his companie, for from the crowne of his
head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice
or thrice cut Cupids bow-string, and the little hang-man
dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as found as a bell,
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes,
his tongue speakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.
Leo. So say I, methinks you are sadder.

Claudio. I hope he be in loue.

Prince. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood
in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be sad, he wants
money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prince. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claudio. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prince. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.

Leo. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Well, euery one cannot master a griefe, but hee
that has it.

Claudio. Yes say I, he is in loue.

Prince. There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnlesse
it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a
Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee
haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appears hee hath, hee
is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare
he is.

Claudio. If he be not in loue vwith some woman, there
is no beleeuing old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings,
What should that bode?

Prince. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?

Claudio. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with
him, and the olde ornament of his cheek hath alreadie
rust tennis balls.

Leo. Indeed he lookes yonger then hee did, by the
losse of a beard.

Prince. Nay a rubs himselfe vwith Ciuit, can you smell
him out by that?

Claudio. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in
loue.

Prince. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claudio. And vwhen vvas he vront to vvas his face?

Prince. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare
vwhat they say of him.

Claudio. Nay, but his iesting spirit, vwhich is now crept
into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

Prince.

Prince. Indeed that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude,
he is in loue.

Claudio. Nay, but I know who loues him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that
knowes him not.

Claudio. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all,
dies for him.

Prince. Shee shall be buried with her face vpwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ach, old sig-
nior, walke aside with mee, I haue studied eight or nine
wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses
must not heare.

Prince. For my life to breake with him about Beatrice.

Claudio. 'Tis euen so, *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this
played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two Beares
will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter John the Bastard.

Bast. My Lord and brother, God saue you.

Prince. Good den brother.

Claudio. If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.

Prince. In priuate?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count Claudio may heare,
for what I would speake of, concerns him.

Prince. What's the matter?

Bast. Meanes your Lordship to be married to mor-
row?

Prince. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Claudio. If there be any impediment, I pray you disco-
uer it.

Bast. You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare
hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will ma-
nifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in
dearenesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing
marriage: surely sure ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prince. Why, what's the matter?

Bastard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances
shortned, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the
Lady is disloyall.

Claudio. Who *Hero*?

Bast. Euen shee, *Leonato*es *Hero*, your *Hero*, euery
mans *Hero*.

Claudio. Disloyall?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wicked-
nesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse
title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further war-
rant: goe but with mee to night, you shal see her cham-
ber window entred, euen the night before her wedding
day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it
would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claudio. May this be so?

Prince. I will not thinke it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not
that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you
enough, and when you haue seene more, & heard more,
proceed accordingly.

Claudio. If I see any thing to night, why I should not
marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold
wedde, there will I shame her.

Prince. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will
ioyne with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my
witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue
shew it selfe.

Prince. O day vntowardly turned!

Claudio. O mischief strange!
Bastard. O plague right we
say, when you haue seene the se

Enter Dogberry and his comp.
Dog. Are you good men and
Verg. Yea, or else it were pi
saluation body and soule.

Dogb. Nay, that were a
them, if they should haue any al
chosen for the Princes watch.

Verges. Well, giue them u
Dogb.

Dog. First, who thinke you
to be Constable?

Watch 1. *Hugh Ote-cake* sir,
they can write and reade.

Dogb. Come hither neighbo
blest you with a good name: to
is the gift of Fortune, but to w
Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Master
Dogb. You haue: I knew it v
well, for your fauour sir, why gi
no boast of it, and for your writ
appeare when there is no need
thought heere to be the most fe
Constable of the watch: there
thorne: this is your charge: Y
vagam men, you are to bid an
ces name.

Watch 2. How if a will not st
Dogb. Why then take no not
and presently call the rest of the
thanke God you are ridde of a k
Verges. If he will not stand v
none of the Princes subiects.

Dogb. True, and they are r
the Princes subiects: you shall a
streets: for, for the Watch to b
tollerable, and not to be indure
Watch. We will rather sleepe
what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speake like a
watchman, for I cannot see how
only haue a care that your bills b
are to call at all the Alehouses
drunke get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not
Dogb. Why then let them al
they make you not then the bett
they are not the men you tooke
Watch. Well sir.

Dogb. If you meet a theefe,
vertue of your office, to be no
kinde of men, the lesse you med
why the more is for your honesty

Watch. If wee know him to
lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your office y
that touch pitch will be defild:
for you, if you doe take a theefe,
selfe what he is, and steale out of

Verg. You haue bin alwaies cal
Dog. Truly I would not hang
more a man who hath anie hone

K